

Notebooks and Competitions

by Berk'sWarrior

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Drama, Humor

Language: English

Characters: Hiccup

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2013-07-05 00:35:56

Updated: 2013-07-05 00:35:56

Packaged: 2016-04-26 15:28:49

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,903

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Some days never turn out the way you plan. And some other days completely get washed away from what you had in mind. Either way...it won't be fun for our favorite talking-fishbone, no matter what crazy stuff Fate has in store for him.

Notebooks and Competitions

ACHOOOO

"GAH!"

Those two simple noises were the start of a long day.

Just so you dear onlooker can get a...'recap' of what just happened and actually _get_ what's going on, we'll start from the beginning:

Hiccup woke up late. The sun had already risen, and children were already outside playing with any stray Terrible Terror they could find. Toothless had woken up half an hour ago...so as you may expect, he was quite a grumpy Night Fury. Toothless decided that Hiccup could sleep in; he had done a lot of work at the forge the other day. But after a certain amount of time, Hiccup always rode Toothless just about the time the kids came out to play.

And Nothing.

NOTHING.

Gets in the way of flying.

So Toothless had been staring at him for the past five minutes, hoping he'd wake up and see him glaring, and notice how wrong he'd been. But that didn't seem to be happening. So instead, Toothless got up and walked to the side of his rider's bed...and stepped on his

stomach like had (on accident at the time) when Hiccup had woken up from that coma he had after the battle with the Red Death.

So Hiccup's day had been off to quite a bad start. And, oh, he had no idea what was about to come, about an hour later.

The shout/scream Hiccup made could've been heard all the way down the block. Ok...so maybe Toothless 'accidentally' stepped on him just a wee bit harder.

Hiccup sat up right, clutching his stomach. "Toothless!" He managed. Hey, it was difficult to talk when a hundreds of pounds of dragon stepped on your stomach while your asleep. He has this one excuse. Hiccup adjusted himself so that he had his legs over the right side of his bed, attempting to search for his boot and prosthetic. Toothless (now feeling very guilty about his act) nudged them forward so he could put them on.

It took a few minutes Toothless did not enjoy wasting, but sooner rather than later, Hiccup was on his feet -er, foot, downstairs, with Toothless in his full flying tack.

Hiccup, seeing how he had not made his dragon the happiest, quickly grabbed an apple and a water jug from the kitchen table on his way out the door, and slipped them into the satchel he had on the side of Toothless's saddle.

"I am so, so sorry, bud." He muttered as he hopped on. They took off immediately, and Hiccup was slapped in the face with Toothless's ear. "Ow! What! What was that for?" Toothless didn't respond. It's not like he could've, anyway.

* * *

><p>They landed on a quiet cliffside, Toothless now fully forgiving him for waking up late. Hiccup hopped off the saddle and rummaged through the satchel. He took out the apple, and was about to reach for the water jug, when he looked down at the bottom of the bag, and found his sketch book.<p>

"Oh! I've been looking for this." He muttered, as he took it out. He flipped to a certain page and found his charcoal stick still in the same place he had kept it. He took the book and the charcoal over to a rock under a tree, and began to doodle.

Meanwhile, Toothless was planning on taking a nap in the morning sun's rays; the place was so quite and peaceful. He yawned before closing his eyes, wrapping his tail around himself, and settling down to sleep.

Hiccup wasn't drawing anything in particular. It looked mostly like Toothless, but was just entirely made of scribbles. He was just adding the eyes, staring at the page blankly, when a butterfly flew by. He didn't notice this, of course.

The butterfly flew and flew until it found a certain spot to land...which happened to be on the tip of Toothless's nose. Toothless's eyes fluttered open with his delicate senses, when the butterfly moved its wings, tickling his nose.

"Ah...Ahh...AHH" he started, almost silently, not wanting to disturb the silence in the air.

"ACHOO!"

"GAH!"

And now, dearest readers, you are at the current present.

Hiccup's ears took the sudden noise as a threat, and he fell off the rock backwards, the book and charcoal flying out of his hands. Holding his head from the sudden impact with the ground, he opened his eyes and sat up to see Toothless chasing the butterfly, now completely infuriated by it. "Toothless. Leave the butterfly alone." He said. Toothless turned to look at him, and bounded over.

Toothless looked at him with confusion, and helped him up. "I'm ok, bud." he said, then looked around. "But my sketch book's gone!" Toothless's ears went up in surprise, and he walked around, looking along side Hiccup, for his friend's book. Suddenly he looked up and just saw the book through branches.

Toothless nudged Hiccup, and nodded to the tree. Hiccup squinted his eyes and looked through the branches. Sure enough, his notebook was up in the tree, deep in the branches. Where you couldn't climb. Or fly. Or reach. Or get to in any possible way.

"Does this day get worse?" Hiccup asked to no one.

"How bad has it been so far?" A voice called out to him from behind.

He jerked around and found the rest of the teens standing there alongside their dragons, the voice coming from Astrid. "We've been waiting at the training arena for an hour. We thought you bailed on us." Hiccup facepalmed. "I'm so sorry, I didn't know we had class today." "Ok, but what's going on here?" Hiccup (nervously) pointed to the book up in the tree. "Long story, but we can't get it down."

"Why should we care?" Snotlout asked, climbing back onto Hookfang. "Well I'd appreciate the help!" Hiccup said sarcastically, walking over to the tree. "I bet no one's able to get it down..." he muttered to himself, but overheard by everyone.

"You bet that?" Snotlout asked.

"Bring it on!" "Yeah!" The twins shouted.

"We could have a competition." Fishlegs suggested. "And whoever gets it down, gets to read it." he suggested. "_Fishlegs!_" Hiccup shouted. Fishlegs backed up, away from the sight. Everyone else nodded their heads.

Yes. His day did just get worse.

* * *

><p>Hiccup was constantly trying to break up the

competition.<p>

"You guys! You didn't even get my ok on this!" he shouted. "But we didn't want your ok." Snotlout said plainly as he threw rocks up into the tree. "But it's my book!" Hiccup shouted. Everyone ignored him.

The twins had flown to their house and back to get their collections of spears, and Fishlegs (now feeling guilty about his suggestion) was standing off to the side. Astrid was throwing stones alongside Snotlout, and all four of them were smiling at the fact of how much this irritated Hiccup.

"Please, just give me a chance to get it down myself!" he said defiantly, and walked over to the tree. Snotlout stepped in front of him before he could reach the tree, and blocked his path. "No way, Useless." he said, before shoving him. Hiccup stumbled back and fell to the ground with a thud. At this thud, Toothless's ears perked, and he looked up to see the scene, Snotlout towering over him and laughing, while Hiccup was trapped on the ground.

Never.

Toothless bounded from his resting spot and tackled Snotlout, sending him flying. The Night Fury gave him a growl of warning before nudging his Hiccup away from the place. "Toothless! I have to get it back!" He shouted, but his dragon (somehow) managed to drag him away, which made everyone else snicker.

* * *

><p>"This doesn't get worse...shoot! I probably jinxed myself!" Hiccup muttered, taking his frustration out on a bent sword Gobber had called him to fix. He had his small hammer with him, and he was basically just bending it even more. "Thank you, Toothless, for sneezing." he said sarcastically to his scaly friend who was currently resting in the corner of the Forge. Toothless looked at him with an expression that Hiccup understood as, Blame the butterfly.

Hiccup just sighed his response, and sat down on the only bench there. He looked outside and saw the sun resting against the waters, night fall would be on them in only a matter of minutes. How long had he spent his time here anyway?

As if on cue, he spotted the teens fly in from the competition, talking amongst themselves. Hiccup took another look at the sword, and muttered. "It can be finished tomorrow." before walked out of the Forge with Toothless right behind him.

"Hey!" He shouted to the teens (that were supposed to be his friends). At first they didn't respond, and he thought they didn't hear them, until he noticed they were in deep conversation. "GUYS!" he shouted loudly, trying to catch their attention. This time they turned around, and he asked, "So, did any of you get it down?" Snotlout nodded.

He gulped. Too many catastrophes with each person it could've ended up with...

"So...who's got it?" he asked nervously. Snotlout pointed glumly (as if he was upset he didn't win) to the person to his right.

Yep. He jinxed himself alright.

* * *

><p>Hiccup and Astrid walked back to their houses in conversation. The other teen's houses being in opposite direction, so it was just them. Well just them along with Toothless and Stormfly.<p>

"So...how'd you managed to get it down?" Hiccup asked, completely on edge. Astrid held up her axe that she was currently holding in her left hand. "Never fails." she said with a smirk. Hiccup rubbed the back of his head, and muttered, "So uh...could I have it back...?" She held the book away from him. "No way! I'm not giving this back until morning!" she shouted, laughing a bit afterwards. He tried to reach for it again, but she held it away farther, as if teasing him. "Astrid just GIVE. IT. BACK!" He finally shouted.

He'd never shouted like that before. He could've sworn, just for a split second, that she seemed ready to give it to him. That he could take it and they could walk away from this. Suddenly another shout echoed from some ways ahead, "ASTRID HOFFERSON!" Her dad. And he didn't sound happy either. "Sorry but, I've gotta go." she said quickly, and with that, she was far off on the road, his notebook still clutched in her hand.

Oh the gods hated him.

* * *

><p>AN: This is probably going to be a scar on my reputation that I never had.**

Review if you think I should finish it in another chapter, but for now, I'm just gonna post this 'cause I've got nothing new to post (new story wise). Please don't ask how I came up with this...please; it'll just be one question I can't answer.

Did you like it? Hate it? Please review your thoughts, I'd appreciate it, and have a wonderful rest of your day, viewers!

-catz4eval01

End
file.